He sat with the letter in his hand He sat with the letter in his hand for some time. He was sitting in the window of the hotel at Bowness looking out on the lake. It was still early and the life of the day had hardly begun. At Bowness the life was that of the tourists and visitors and it would still be an hour or more before they hexan to meve out on their objectives. He had very many various and whirling thoughts, but supreme amongst them was one: Time was flying. He must not delay, for every hour was more and more jeopardixing his chance of winning the woman he loved. He realized to the full that his neglect of Colonel Ogilvie, for so it was being construed, was making—had made—a difficulty for him. Each day, perhaps each hour, was widening the breach; if he did not take care he might end with the door permanently closed against him. As he came to the conclusion of his reasoning he drew once more from his pocket the sealed letter to Colonel Ogilvie, and stood up. He fancied that his determination was made that he would see Colonel Ogilvie as soon as possible and broach the subject to him. As however he went towards the boat—for he was going to Ambleside by water—he postponed the intention of an immediate interview. He would wait this one day and see what would turn up. If nothing happened likely to further his wishes he would whilst at Ambleside the next morning put the letter in the post. Then he would hold himself ready for the interview with Joy's father for which the lilacs in the garden and kept watch on the window where Joy was wont to appear. A little before breakfast-time she appeared there for a brief space, and then moved back into the room. He waited with what patience he could till nearly eleven o'clock when the same carriage which they used drove up to the door; walting became an easier task. Presently Colonel Ogilvie came out and stood on the steps. Athlyne wondered; this was the first time that Joy had not been before him. Throwing his eyes around in vague wondering as to the cause he saw Joy standing in the window dressed and b for some time. He was sitting in the window of the hotel at Bowness look-ing out on the lake. It was still early

ring:
I am so sorry, Daddy. I hope I did
keep you waiting too long!"
Not a bit little girl. It is a pleasto me to wait for you; to do anyng for you, my dear. Whatever else
the use of being a father."
You dear! May we go to-day up
mountain road where we can look
or the lake. I want you to have a
e glimpse of it again before you

tually shock him. Joy had as usual handful of sugar for the horses. She int to the offside horse first and gave in his share. Then when she stood the head of the other, her face to-ind the illacs, she turned to her ther and said in a low, thrilling tone: "Daddy, am I nice to-day? Look at el" Ehe stood still whilst the old in looked at her admiringly, proudfondly.

the sugar and stood looking across he road. Athlyne could hardly retrain himself. The few seconds, although flying so fast, were momentous that and present rushed together to he creation of a moment of ecstasy the sound of the words swept him; the dea and all it rewoke and intensified, ransfigured his very soul. And then he heard her say in a low, languorous oice which vibrated:

"Thank you Daddy for such a sweet compliment. I am glad I said 'Look' the?" As she spoke it seemed to thillyne that her eyes fixed across the coad sent their lightnings straight into his heart. And yet it did not even cour to him at the moment that the yords could have been addressed to lim.

During the drive Joy kept her father atterested in all around them. He saw at she was elated and happy, and it ade his heart glad to that receptive good which is the recrudescence of outh. In the gh's mind to-day several trains of thoughts, all of them are that of action, went on together he did not analyze them; indeed she as hardly conscious of them. The sechanism of mind was working to a set purpose, but one which was temeramental rather than intentional—of an of a studied conclusion. For that forning was to her momentous. She new it was all her instincts. Uncondously she drew conclusions from ously she drew conclusions from

logical sequence.

A telegram had arrived from Mrs.
Ogilvie saying that she and Judy were now ready to leave London and, as her husband had said that he wished to escort them to Ambleside, they would be prepared on his coming to leave on the next morning or whatever time he might fix. After a glance at the time-table he had wired back that he would go up on that night, and that they would all start on the following morning. Joy had offered to that they would all start on the fol-lowing morning. Joy had offered to accompany him, but he would not have it: "No, little girl," he said: "Travel at night is all very well for men; but it takes it out of women. I want your mother to see the bright, red-cheeked girl that has been with me for the last week, and not a pale, worn-out draggled young woman with her eyes heavy with weariness. You stay here my dear, and get plenty of air and sunshine. You will not be afraid to be here alone with your maid!" Joy smiled:

"Not a bit, Daddy! I shall walk and "Not a bit, Dandy: I shall walk and drive all day and perhaps go down the Lake in a boat. If I do the latter I shall take Eugenie with me and we shall tunch down at Newby Bridge. We shall he home here in good time to drive over and meet you all at the sta-tion at Windmere."

Does not Color the Hair

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR
Bross Patting Hair
Destroys Dandruff
Malegant D

even occur to him that with such machinery at his command he might try to carry her off, either without her consent or with it. All that he wanted in the first instance was to have a fitting opportunity of discovering how Joy regarded him. The last twenty-four hours had opened to his mind such glorious possibilities that every word she had said, every look on her eloquent face (though such looks had manifestly not been intended for him) had a place in a chain which linked her heart to his. "Look at me!" "I am glad I asked you to look at me!" am glad I asked you to look at me!" though spoken to her father seemed to have another significance. It was as though an eager thought had at last found expression. "Good night! Good night, beloved!" though ostensibly spoken to the twilight was breathed with such fervour, with such languishing eyes and with such soft pouting of scarlet lips that it seemed impossible that it should have other than a human objective. These thoughts swept the man into a glow of passion. He was young and strong and ardent, and he loved the woman with all his

people at some moment of purely spiritual exaltation—that the love of a man and a woman each for the other is, even at its very highest, devoid of physical emotion. The original Creator did not manifestly so intend. The world of thought is an abstract world whose inner shrine is where soul meets soul. The world of life is the world of the heart, and its beating in the away of the pendulum between soul and flesh. The world of flesh is the real world; wrought of physical atoms in whose recurrent groupings is the elaborated scheme of nature. Into this world has been placed Man to live and rule. To this end his body is fixed with various powers and complications and endurances; with weaknesses and impulses and yieldings; with passions to animate, with desires to attract, and animosities to repel. And as the final crowning of this wondrous work, the last and final touch of the Creator's hand. Sex for the eternal renewing of established forces. How can souls be drawn to souls when such are centred in bodles which mutually repel? How can the heart quicken its beats when it may not come near enough to hear the answering throb? No! If physical attraction be not somewhere, naught can develop. Judy, the outspoken, had once almost horrified a little group of matrons who were discussing the interest which a certain young cleric was beginning to take in one of the young female parishioners. When one of them said, somewhat sanctimoniously,

on secretive ways and come out into the open where she could see him close, and hear the sound of his voice—that voice whose every note made music in her ears. It was the presence of her father which kept him hidden. It was imperative, both in accordance with his wishes as well as from her own apprehensions of what might happen if they should meet unexpectedly before she had time to warn him, that no mischance should prevent an early meeting, free from any suspiction between herself and Mr Hardy. When Daddy was well on his way.

"Here she would close her eyes: definite thought was lost in a languorous ecstasy. The coming day would mean to her everything or .

The drive was a fairly long one and they did not get back till nearly one o'clock. Colonel Ogilvie had said to Joy:

"I shall have a good time to-day have plenty of fresh air and be ready for sleep when I get into the train. As I shall arrive early in the morning I shall have time to express my opinions on their conduct to those automobile people. They won't expect my coming and be able to get out of the way. I fancy it will do me good to say what I feel; or at any rate enough to give them some indication of what I could say, and shall say if there is any further delay in the matter."

When they arrived Jov went at once into the hotel leaving her father to tell the coachman at what hour to be ready for the afternoon drive. She went straight to the window and keeping as usual behind the curtain, looked over at the Iliac bushes. She could see through the foliage that there was some one there, and that satisfied her. She would have liked to have instructed the driver herself so that she would have been sure that he knew; but on this occasion a wave of diffidence suddenly overwhelmed her. She would have liked to have instructed the driver herself so that she would have been sure that he knew; but on this occasion a wave of diffidence suddenly overwhelmed her mine of locked out of the window she saw that he was still at his post. Athlyne's campalgning experienc spontaneity consequent on some deep feeling which evoked memory? Could he believe that she really. . . He would wait now before sending the let-ter, whatever came. In that he was adamant.

ter, whatever came. In that he was adamant.

This was the first idea he had by intention of moving, and it illy shook him. Joy had as usual addition of sugar for the horses. She to the offside horse first and gave his share. Then when she stood be head of the other, her face to the Illacs, she turned to her and said in a low, thrilling tone: addy, am I nice to-day? Look at Ehe stood still whilst the old looked at her admiringly, proudingly. She was evidently sed at the compliment, for her that's it?" She was evidently sed at the compliment, for her rose to a deep flush. Her grey shows the stood at the through it like two great shore the facter of the driver:

There was some intention, so manifest, that it was hardly to be disturbed by any untoward accident. There was some intention, so manifest, that it was hardly to be disturbed by any untoward accident. There was some intention, so manifest, that it was hardly to be disturbed by any of the driver in the fact to the stendard of his thoughts. His love was not the standard of his thoughts. His love was not be disturbed by any untoward accident. There was some intention, so manifest, that it was narifically and the standard of his thoughts. His love was not have the best of his nature regulated the standard of his thoughts. His love somewhere!"

Athlyne loved Joy in all ways, so after the best of his nature regulated the standard of his thoughts. His love was nonlikely it could be marred by an untoward accident. There was some intention, so manifest, that it was hardly to be disturbed by any of the complete that it was hardly to be disturbed by any of the complete that it was hardly to be disturbed by any of the compl

pur rose to a deep flush. Her grey a shone through it like two great y suns. Whilst her father was aking to the coachman she gave the regard and stood looking across road. Athlyne could hardly retain himself. The few seconds, always and present rushed together to a creation of a moment of ecstasy a sound of the words swept him; the a and all it rewoke and intensified, ansigured his very soul. And then heard her say in a low, languorous ice which vibrated:

Thank you Daddy for such a sweet mpliment. I am glad I said 'Look' me!" As she spoke it seemed to hillyne that her eyes fixed across the all sent their lightnings straight inhis heart. And yet it did not even cur to him at the moment that the words was a design to the deport with him."

main silent when she ceased to speak. When they got back to the hotel, she spoke to the driver:

"You will be here at eight o'clock please, as you will have to drive colonel Ogilvie to the station at Wind-remere in good time to catch the nine o'clock train. I shall not want you in the morning as I intend to take a walk; but you must be at Windermere walk; but you must be at Windermere as the morning as I intend to take a walk; but you must be at Windermere as the morning as I intend to take a walk; but you must be at Windermere as the morning as I intend to take a walk; but you must be at Windermere as the morning as I intend to take a walk; but you must be at Windermere as I may go over in the carriage. But if I am not here do not wait for me; I may go over in the carriage. But if I am not here do not wait for me; I am you will have to drive.

Then she went into the doorway, and hurried to the sitting-room where she looked out into the garden—where the lilacs grew.

CHAPTER XIII. Instinctive Planning.

Man's unconscious action is a strange thirg. Athlyne had just heard words which took from him a strain under which took from him a strain under which he had suffered for a whole week of waiting and watching; words which promised him the opportunity for which he had longed for many weeks. His nerves had been strung to tension so high that now it would seem only natural if the relief sent him into a sort of delirium. But he quetly lit a cigar, taking care that it was properly cut and properly lit and

him into a sort of delirium. But he quetly lit a cigar, taking care that it was properly cut and properly lit, and smoked luxuriously as he moved across the garden and into the street. Joy from her window saw him go, and her admiration of his ease and self-possession and magnificent self-reliance sent fresh thrills through her flesh.

When Athlyne went out of the garden he had evidently made up his mind, consciously or unconsciously, to some other point in connection with the motor for he visited such shops as were open and made some purchases—caps, velis, cloaks and such like gear suitable for the use of a tail young lady. These he took with him in a hired carriage to the hotel at Bowness, where he added them to certain others already sent from London. Then he told the chauffeur to give the car a careful overhauling so that it be in perfect order, and went for a stroll up the Lake.

Shortly he was in a mental and physical tumulty the narready sent in a mental and physical tumulty.

Shortly he was in a mental and physical tumult; the period which had elapsed since he heard the news of Colonel Ogilvie's coming departure had been but the prelude to the storm. At first he could not think; he had no words, no sequence of ideas, not even vague intentions. He had only sensations; and these though they moved we shall be home here in good time to drive over and meet you all at the station at Windmere."

From that moment Joy hardly left her father out of her sight. Instinctively she knew that the chance of her life had come. She had a conviction—it was more than a mere idea or even a belief—that if she went alone whilst her father was up in London or on the way down, that figure which even now was hidden by the lilacs would aband—the faculties working simultaneously;

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and as each had a different method the tumuit was in reducing them to unison—in achieving one resultant from all the varying forces. Gradual-ly out of the chaos came the first clear intent: he must so master the whole subject that when the opportunity had come he should be able to avail him-self of it to the full. From the he

self of it to the full. From this he proceeded to weigh the various possibilities, till gradually he began to realize what vague purpose had been behind his wish to have his automobile

in perfect working order. It did not even occur to him that with such ma-chinery at his command he might try

He was young and strong and ardent and he loved the woman with all hi

heart; with all his soul; with all the strength of human passion. It is a mistake to suppose—as some abstract thinkers seem to do always, and most people at some moment of purely spiritual exaltation—that the love of a man and a woman each for the other

female parishioners. When one them said, somewhat sanctimonious

them said, somewhat sanctimoniously, that his interest was only in the salvation of her immortal soul, that he was too good a man to ever think of falling in love as ordinary men do, the vivacious old maid replied:

"Not a bit of it, my dear! When a man troubles himself about an individual young woman's soul you may be quite certain that his eyes have not neglected her body. And moreover you will generally, if not always, find that she has a pair of curving red lips, or a fine bust, or a well-developed figure somewhere!"

Athlyne loved Joy in all ways, so that the best of his nature regulated the standard of his thoughts. His love was no passing fancy which might or

of earth would be as absurd as to say that it was all of heaven. It was human, all human, and all that such implies. Heaven and earth had both

implies. Heaven and earth had both their parts in the combination; and perhaps, since both were of strong nature and marked individuality, Hell had its due share in the amalgam.

Athlyne thought, and thought, and thought; till the length of his own shadow recalled the passing of time. He postponed the thinking over his plans for to-morrow—the active part of them, and hastened back to his place behind the lilacs.

He was just in time. The carriage stood at the door with Colonel Ogilgie's "grip-sack" at the driver's feet. Then the Boots ran down the steps and held the carriage door open. Joy came holding her father's arm. They got into the carriage and drove away. Athlyne waited, sitting on the seat on the grass lawn smoking luxurlously. He forgot that he was bungry and thirsty, forgot everything except that

When it comes to a question of style in Furniture, it must be remembered that there is merit in every good kind. Utility and comfort are to be considered as well as looks, and it is best to visit Furniture show rooms frequently and not buy too hastily. In looking about well stocked rooms one's opinion will change from time to time. There was a man who made a prayer, "Lord, give me this day my daily opinion, and forgive the one I had yesterday." Good

Furniture, carefully selected as needed, always the best productions of the best workmen, that is the most satisfactory way to furnish a home. Attention is directed to the now and extensive lines of Bedroom Furniture, both in new desikns and reproductions of famous old designs, now on exhibition.

If you are thinking of Mattings, it seems as thought there were never so many different weaves and colorings shown before. For truly artistic patterns, of which one does not readily tire, one cannot do better than take the Japanese Mattings, those that have the interwoven figures in characteristic and artistic colorings.

There is a growing fancy to have the bed draperies and the window curtains of bedrooms alike, and the daintiest of figured lawn bed valances have appeared, with flounces bordered with garlands of flowers. The white ground of the spread is powered with small florets. Casement curtains that match exactly will combine to make a summer bedroom that is dainty and sweet.

The attractive Cotton Crepes were at one time used for kimonos and lounging robes, but this summer they are to be worn in gowns and separate blouses. The shades are beautiful. Rose, sky blue, pale green, lilac, cardinal, pink, taupe, cream, and black. Of course the fabric is washable. But 121/2 cts. a yard.

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He forgot that he was bungry and thirsty, forgot everything except that he would before long see Joy again, this time alone. His thoughts were evidently pleasant, for the time flew fast. Indeed he must have been in something like a waking dream which absorbed all his faculties for he did not notice the flight of time at all. It was only when, recalled to himself by the passing of a carriage, he looked up and saw Joy that he came back to reality. To his disappointment her head was turned away. When within sight of the garden, she had noticed him and as she did not wish him, just yet to know that she knew of his pres-POST OFFICE NEWS STORE, 11 Post Office Arcade

Proved His Theory, but Died. The acme of realism was reached. though by accident, in a criminal trial a number of years ago at Lebanon, O. Two men had a personal encounter. One of them after vainly trying to draw his pistol from his hip pocket turned to fiee. A moment later he fell, shot in the small of the back. One chamber of his pistol was found to have been fired. His assallant was tried for murder. The defense contended that the man had shot himself while trying to draw his pistol, which had become entangled in the lining of She went to the front of the carriage and stroked the horses' noses and necks efter her usual fashion. He had as good a view of her profile as the twilight would allow. Then with a pleasant "Good evening!" to the coachman she tripped up the steps and disappeared. For more than a quarter of an hour Athlyne watched the windows; but she did not appear. This was natural enough, for she was bethe pocket, and that the prisoner's shot had not taken effect. The prosecution contended that such a wound could not have been self inflicted. The defendant's counsel, Clement L. Vallandigham, undertook to demonstrate to the jury just how the dead man's pistol had hung in the pocket and just how possible it was to inflict such a wound, Suddenly there was a loud report, and the lawyer sank to the floor. The ball had entered the back almost in the identical spot where the dead man had been shot. The defendant was acquit-

ted. Mr. Vallandigham died. - Ex-

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with its wealth of fancy's "fairy frost

work," to the poets' corner in Westminster abbey, we are attracted by a spell mightier than that of carven

stones in the presence of these "serene

creators of immortal things" who have

enriched our literature with gifts be-

(To be Continued.) Y. W. C. A. BULLETIN.

was natural enough, for she was behind the curtains peeping out to see if he went back to his seat on the lawn. When she saw that he did not return Joy, with a gentle sigh, went to

natural enough, for she was be

him and as she did not wish him, just yet to know that she knew of his presence, she found her eyes fixed on the other side of the street. It was the easiest and most certain way of avoiding complexities. He slipped over to the tilacs to see her alight. When she had done so she turned to the coachman and said:

"You understand I shall not want you in the morning as I shall be out walking; but if I don't send for you in the afternoon, or if you don't get any message you will meet my father

any message you will meet my father at Windermere station at a quarter to

She went to the front of the carriago

Central association, 629 State street. change. The twilight service on Sunday will the twilight service on Sunday will be at the usual hour, 4:30 and Mrs. J. C. Benjamin will be the leader. There will be a solo by Miss Alice Bullard, while Miss Ada Read will be at the plano. Now that spring has come many demands for women to work by the day have been received at this office, where nurses, housekeepers, and women for laundry and house cleaning are furnished without charge to either are furnished without charge to either are furnished without charge to either the employer or the employed. The registry is open from 8:30 to 10 every morning in the week, and every afternoon from 1 to 2; also evenings from 7 to 9, Wednesday and Saturday evenings excepted. Women desiring to make use of this registry, which is absolutely free, will kindly apply to the acting general secretary between the hours mentioned.

the spell of Chaucer, "our first warlivion's rust" has failed to tarnish their golden record. We move entranced amid the memorials of Drayton, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Shakespeare, Beau-mont, Milton, Gray, Addison and many more, including the impassioned peasant singer, Robert Burns, and the great Victorians, Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson.-London Standard.

Encouragement. "I have a splitting headache," sighs the beautiful young thing. "Have you ever tried magnetic heal-

ing?" asks the obliging young man. "No. What is it?" "You rest your head, thus, on my shoulder, and I pass my arm about your waist in this manner. Now be perfectly calm and see if this does not

relieve you." The position is maintained for five or ten minutes, and then the obliging young man asks:

"Does your head ache any more?" "Well, I'm sorry I don't seem able to

relieve you.' He is about to remove his arm when she looks up at him chidingly and

"It seems to me that if you have any confidence in your method you would be willing to keep on trying."-Chicago

Cause For Regret. "I licked the stuffin' out o' Dick Smith this mornin'." "You bad boy! Aren't you sorry for

"Yessum-awful sorry. I jest found out that he's goin' ter have a birthday party tomorrow."-Cleveland Leader.

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